"JACKSON," OR THE STORY OF A SEA DOG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY CALL BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

ROBERT RIDLEY is a retired mariner. He never rose to a higher grade than that of second mate, in which capacity indeed he acted without a certificate, having for the most part of his life sailed in a species of ship upon whose commanders and officers the State makes few or no demands in an educational sense.

Robert Ridley, having on several occasions served as a second mate, and once as an only mate, returned to his earlier condition of able seaman, and while still acting in that capacity quitted the ocean forever and settled down as a gentleman ashore in a comfortable little cottage by the seaside. This achievement of independence the population of a great maritime country will not for an instant suppose was the result of his commercial prosperity as a foremast hand. After twenty years of working like a dog at sea, all that Robert Ridley had to show in the shape of "effects" was comprised in a small sea-chest half full of clothes and a suit of oil-skins, with perhaps a matter of eight pounds lodged in a Postoffice savings bank.

No! My friend Bob Ridley gained an independence not through old ocean—that most beggarly of callings—but through an uncle who had been an Italian warehouseman, and who left the worthy fellow, to his astonishment and joy, the handsome sum (to an able seaman) of six thousand pounds.

I was recently in the town where Bob Ridley lives, and spent an hour with him. We smoked our pipes together, drank to each other in a glass of Hollands and talked of the sea. He carried me into his little garden, and with much pride pointed to the various flowers and to what he called his kitchen-garden, a considerable bed of soil full of carrots, cabbage and the like. At the extremity of his half acre of land stood a summer arbor, the fruits of his own skill, for he had been a ship's carpenter in his day, and few men were smarter with the chisel and the saw than he. On entering this building I observed a little wooden obelisk about three feet in height erected in the center of it. On the apex rested a piece of carving in wood, of which I could make neither head nor tail. Upon the body of the obelisk were carved the words:

IN MEMORY OF JACKSON.
SUNDAY MORN, MDCCCLXXV.

At the hinder base of this queer little structure was the model of a wreck. Many queer devices representing mermaids, the sun, anchors, hearts, and so forth were artfully chiseled on the sides.

"Pray what have you here, Ridley?" said I.

"A memorial," he answered.

"Ay, that's clear enough. But what sailor friend of yours lies buried here?"

"No sailor friend at all," he answered laughing. "Jackson was a dog, and he, poor beast, doesn't lie here either. I wish he did. It would sometimes give my mind a sort of satisfaction to feel that his remains lay snug under this here mark."

"And what," cried I, peering at the little bit of carving on top of the obelisk, "is this?"

"It's the portrait of the half of a vessel's caboose, sir—of a vessel that was lost on a Sunday morning."

By the word "caboose" he signified galley, or the kitchen of a little ship. I could now make out that it was the representation of the roof and a portion of the sides of a caboose, as he called it, with a hole atop for the reception of a chimney.

"I see there is a yarn here," said I.

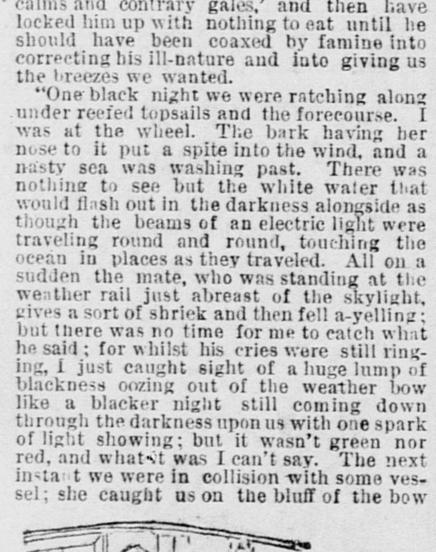
"Not much of a yarn," he answered; "just the tale of a poor beast of a dog that in time I got to love as truly as if he'd been a Christian man and a brother. That's where I fell in with him," said he, pointing to the model of the wreck, "and that," he added, indicating the fragment of miniature caboose, "is where he died."

I looked at my watch.

"Come," said I, "you shall tell me the story of Jackson whilst we sit here and smoke our pipes and survey your clever piece of carpentry. There's no hurry," and so saying I seated myself and he alongside of me, slowly extracting a brass tobacco-box out of his breeches pocket as he did so.

"Well," he began, with a sort of groping look around the summer arbor, and then bringing his eyes to bear in a squint of earnest memory upon his obelisk, "this was how it fell out. I was able seaman aboard a little bark, and we were bound for the River Thames from Porto Allegre. We fell in with a deal of bad weather which drove us well to the east'ard, and then for three weeks we were stagnated with calms, so that putting the fine weather along with the bad we reckoned that the vessel had lost her luck, and that ne'er a man of our little company was to consider it well with us till we were in a situation to pick up our bundles and step over the side on to good English dock-yard soil. It is supposed that there are no superstitions now going at sea. You know better than that, sir. Any man with that notion in his head should have been aboard of us. The captain himself came forward one day and nailed a horse-shoe to the mast. I remember being weak enough myself to lament that there wasn't a Finn amongst us, so that we might have been able to say 'It's you, mate, that's the cause of these here calms and contrary gales,' and then have locked him up with nothing to eat until he should have been coaxed by famine into correcting his ill-nature and into giving us the breezes we wanted.

"One black night we were ratching along under reefed topsails and the forecourse. I was at the wheel. The bark having her nose to it put a spite into the wind, and a nasty sea was washing past. There was nothing to see but the white water that would flash out in the darkness alongside as though the beams of an electric light were traveling round and round, touching the ocean in places as they traveled. All on a sudden the mate, who was standing at the weather rail just abreast of the skylight, gives a sort of shriek and then fell a-yelling; but there was no time for me to catch what he said; for whilst his cries were still ringing, I just caught sight of a huge lump of blackness oozing out of the weather bow like a blacker night still coming down through the darkness upon us with one spark of light showing; but it wasn't green nor red, and what it was I can't say. The next instant we were in collision with some vessel; she caught us on the bluff of the bow



and slewed us clean round with such a noise of splintering wood, of washing waters and of human cries that I've only got to recall it to feel deaf.

"She went clear and vanished, leaving us sinking. She had torn out our bows and wrecked our spars forward, but she never showed a flare, never shifted her helm, never so much as hailed us after she had slipped past. She left us to our fate, and by that token I allow that she was a foreigner. We had to feel for the boats, so black was it, and God knows how we managed. The boats were slung in the old-fashioned style, dangling overboard at the ends of davits, and steadied by gripes. Had they been stowed as the fashion now is, every soul of us must have perished. The vessel was up in the wind without way, rolling briskly, and the curl of the foam off her side to the smite of the sea showed us men who were standing on the starboard side, the outline of the boat as we lowered her. We entered her in scrambling fashion by the tackles—five of us, leaving six others of our company wrestling at the port falls: amongst them was the master and the two mates, and us five were men—hands as the term is. The moment the boat was liberated she blew away; we never again saw the others, nor did we ever hear of them.

"When the day broke we were alone, nothing in sight, the hot sun rising, nothing to drink but four bottles of red wine, which a fellow amongst us who had acted as steward had brought along with him, and nothing to eat but as many broken bits of ship's bread as 'ud make about seven whole biscuits.

"The outlook was not very encouraging, but, as you know, I was always of a very hopeful disposition, and therefore determined to make a brave fight for life. There was one thing that encouraged me, and that was the thoroughly stanch and seaworthy condition of the boat in which I now found myself together with four fellow-creatures adrift, with an ugly sea running. I say adrift, for there was no mast and only one pair of oars in the boat, and we hadn't strength to use them with any effect. I needn't tell you that this wasn't the first time that I had made a fight for life against terrible odds, for you know all about it. Well, the consequence was that it occurred to me I was the proper person to take command of the little party of castaways, and see that fair play was the rule of the day in dealing out the scant supply of broken biscuits and red wine which the steward had brought along with him.

"So I put the question to the men whether they were willing that I should act as captain, and a cheery "aye, aye, sir," was the answer I got from all of them except Hal Wescott, a huge mulatto of tremendous strength and not extra good temper. Hal was a splendid looking fellow physically and put me in mind of one of the bronze statues that I've seen 'em dig out of the sand in the eastern countries. The muscles of his arms and chest were something fearful to look at, especially when he was out of humor at some trick played upon him. Then these muscles would knot and twist and his great round chest would heave like an ocean swell. Hal and I had always got along pretty well together, a fact which I attribute to my pair of keen black eyes which, as you used to say, were bright enough to be seen in the dark, like a cat's eye. Then again Hal knew that I wasn't afraid of him as the other men were, and so he never attempted to browbeat or bully me; in fact, he was ever ready to do me a good turn. I always made it a point to keep my eyes fixed hard and full upon Hal's face when talking to him, and the consequence was that I finally succeeded in getting the same sort of control over the huge animal, for such he was in plain words, that the trainer gets over a lion or a tiger. Instinctively he felt that I was different from the usual run of men, which I am, as you know. I never was known to lose my head, even when a youngster at school, and so I was always the chosen ringleader in times of mischief or danger.

"Well, that's neither here nor there; all that I need tell you is that the big black fellow was afraid of me; but, sir, would you believe it, when the other men sent up their cheery 'Ay, ay, sir,' Wescott never opened his mouth, never drew a muscle. I saw it, and it made a deep impression on me. It was just as if a lion-tamer upon entering the cage had caught a glimpse of one of his animals crouching and sulking in the corner and refusing to obey his call. It's hardly necessary for me to tell you how I acted under the circumstances. My mind was made up in an instant. I heard a voice ringing in my ears above the scream of that nasty sea, which was tossing our boat about like a cork in a mill-race. It said: "Whip him up to the scratch, or you're lost," so letting fly my leg I gave the big swarthy giant a sharp kick on the shin, and fixed my keenest glance upon him full in the face.

"'Hal Wescott,' said I, "if you're agin me for captain of this boat, say so, man.'

"That glance was too much for him. He winced like a dog under the lash, and, turning his bloodshot eyes away, he muttered out:

"'That's all right, messmate, I'm for you. I votes ay, ay, sir.'

"The men seemed to draw a long breath as they heard these words.

"Good enough," I replied. "Now, men, listen to me. We're in a bad way, a very bad way. We haven't any water at all, and only about half a dozen biscuits, half of which are soaked with sea water, but I'll dry them as soon as the sun comes out. It's more than likely that we're in for a long fast before we're picked up, but I've been in just such a fix before this and if you'll be

patient and follow my instructions to the letter I may save you all. Now, if you don't know, I must tell you one thing and that's this: A man can go without food, or, better said, with an uncommon small allowance, for several days, if he lets sea water alone. Mind what I say—if he lets sea water alone. When thirst comes on you must grin and bear it, for once you begin to drink sea water you're doomed. It'll transform you into raving, screeching lunatics, and in your madness you'll as likely as not fall foul of some of your messmates as a famished beast would of a fat sheep. But hark ye, men,' I continued, laying my hand on my revolver, 'I'm determined to see fair play in this business, and as the cartridges of my revolver are waterproof the wetting they've had wont do 'em a bit of hurt. D'ye hear that? And I give you fair warning that if any one of you attacks his messmate or tries to rob him of his rations I'll shoot him as I would any other wild beast."

"The men, Hal Wescott included, gave me a hearty cheer, and promised me implicit obedience.

"Our first bit of luck was a heavy fall of rain, so rigging a piece of sail cloth in such a way as to catch as much water as possible, I proceed to empty the red wine, one bottle at a time, into the sea and to fill it with water, cork it again securely and pack it away carefully in the boat's locker, upon which I took up my position.

"Now it was that that great black brute Hal Wescott first showed his teeth, if I may be permitted to express myself so, and big, white, sharp and animal-like teeth they were, too, take my word for it. When Wescott first caught the low gurgling sound of the wine, as it spurted like a rill of life-blood into the sea, a strange look glowed with wicked fire, his lips twitched convulsively and his huge hands opened and shut with a snap in the iron knuckles. He was like a thirsty beast suddenly roused by the trickling sound of water. I could hear the big fellow's tongue fairly click between his massive jaws as he watched my movements.

"When the time came for me to take up the second bottle and uncork it Wescott could not hold his rebellious in'ards no longer in control. With a half scream, half groan, he burst out:

"'For God's sake, captain, give me a drink o' that. Don't waste it. I'm burnin' up inside. I'm all on fire, captain, I swear I am! I can't stand it, captain; for the love of heaven don't say no, just give me a taste of it, just a taste!'"

"I needn't tell, you sir, that even a few mouthfuls of that wine would have transformed the big mulatto into a fiend incarnate. Poured into his fasting stomach it would have set a stream of fire in his blood, and I wouldn't be here to-day to tell you this story, for he would have brained every mother's son of us, sure as fate. So in an instant I determined what course of action to pursue, and in that brief space of time I said my prayers, felt for my pistol and bid uncle Bob and you good-by.

"'Silence, sir!'" I roared, with all the strength I could muster, as I turned upon the writhing, twitching monster, whose face, already frightfully distorted with suffering, was now made still more repulsive by ill-disguised rage which burned in his red eyes.

"It took all my self-control to keep my gaze riveted upon the man without flinching, but I was successful, and the mulatto crouched down in his corner again, like a half-cowed, half-defiant tiger. Things went passably well for a day or so. The men obeyed me cheerfully, and bore the pangs of hunger with wonderful calmness. I kept Wescott at the bow of the boat, so I could have my eye on him. Next to me was the steward—never a strong man and hence the first to sink lifeless in a heap on the bottom of the boat.

"We had been washing about for three days. Hunger was beginning to give our faces that wild haggard look which robs the human countenance of all traces of a soul and leaves nothing behind but the dull distrustful glare of the animal.

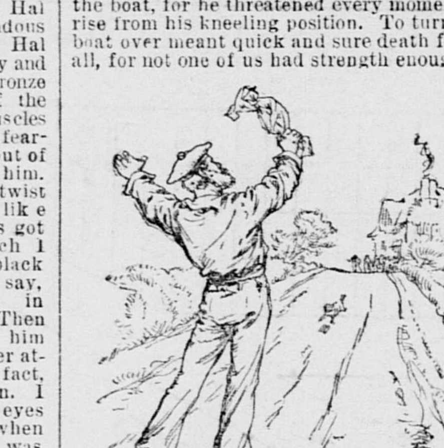
"But thirst was the thing I most dreaded. In spite of the few thimblefuls of water which I doled out from time to time, it was only too plain to be seen that I wouldn't be able to keep the poor fellows from drinking the sea water many days longer. In their fitful sleep they would dream of coming upon sparkling rills and cool fountains, shaded by far reaching boughs, heavy with dark green foliage and when about to plunge their red and swollen lips into the cool and limpid pool it would move away from them like a painted curtain drawn slowly aside only to uncover darkness, blackness, nothingness. Their screams and prayers as they awoke were pitiful. Sitting bold upright, their haggard faces, half flayed by the action of the scorching sunlight and brine would be turned upon me, and hard though they strove to control themselves, I could hear the low dull whisper: 'Water! water! water!'

"Wescott, strange to say, bore his sufferings more patiently than I had anticipated. I was touched by what seemed to me his devotion, his obedience, and I spoke kindly to him. But he paid no attention to any one or anything, lying like a huge beast curled up in the bow of the boat.

"Ah, sir, those were terrible hours. I shudder as I call them to mind, and the recollection of them makes me more grateful than ever to old Uncle Robert for making it possible for me to quit the sea forever.

"We had now been four days knocking about in this terrible fashion, when one morning I was aroused by a shriek and cries of 'Captain, captain!' The buckle of my belt had been drawn up to its last hole in order to keep my poor collapsed stomach from grinding itself to pieces, and I had left the steward on watch and was catching a few winks of sleep, when that fearful shriek caused me to start up with a jerk.

"The beast was loose! Yes, these words describe the situation exactly. While I had been sleeping, the giant mulatto had waked up, and in a frenzy, which the others had made futile efforts to control, had filled a tarpaulin hat with sea water and taken long and deep draughts of it. In a few moments he was a raving madman, frothing at the mouth and tearing his own flesh with his glistening teeth. It was a sight to strike terror to the stoutest heart. What I feared at first thought was that he would swamp the boat, for he threatened every moment to rise from his kneeling position. To turn the boat over meant quick and sure death for us all, for not one of us had strength enough to



swim a stroke. But no, the maniac had other ends in view. With a deep, prolonged growl he threw himself upon the poor steward, and, seizing the terror-stricken man with his huge hands, he drew him into his lap as if he weighed no more than four stone.

"Then I felt my hair stiffen and my heart struggle to keep up its beat, for horror of horrors, what did I see? That huge beast in human form with a rapid motion bent the steward's head back and then set those terrible teeth of his into the poor man's throat. In an instant I was upon him! My own strength and vigor astounded me, but although I rained blow after blow upon the mulatto's head with the butt of my pistol, it had no more effect than the tapping of a lady's gloved hand.

"Meantime, the steward's face grew blacker and blacker. There was not an instant to be lost, and setting the barrel of my revolver at the mulatto's ear, I pressed the trigger.

"It seemed an age before I heard the sharp crack of that pistol. I suppose my hand was paralyzed, but it came at last, and the big black monster dropped his prey and rolled into a heap in the bottom of the boat. For a few moments I saw nothing more, but gradually I pulled myself together, and, making a motion for the others to help me, we laid hold of the huge corpse and tumbled it into the water.

"Ah, that was a fearful deed; but I never regretted it, sir, never."

Here Mr. Robert Ridley, retired mariner, paused, drew a long breath and then continued as follows:

"Toward nightfall we fell in with a vessel. We sighted her at sun-down, and she was then a mere spot upon the distant sea, and we thought no more of her when the darkness came; but next morning she was showing within an easy pull, and we then saw that she was a wreck, all three masts gone, and her thick shrouds trailing over the side, as though her hold was full of serpents crawling away from her. As we passed under her stern we read the name, 'Grace Tucker, Boston.' She sat high upon the water, and seemed a new ship; anyway, her copper was new, and the wet flash of it to the sun might have been seen for miles.

"We sprang aboard, all mad for water, and then for food. Figure our joy when I tell you we found a scuttle-butt full of cold water, with a dipper ready at hand to drink from. There was a dead man lying in the galley; he was a half-caste, and the atmosphere was so bad with him that two of us tumbled him over the side without ado. Aft was a long deck-house; I entered it to rummage for food, and the first thing I saw was the body of a man lying upon the deck stone dead, with a live dog sitting alongside of him. When the dog saw me, he crawled like a dying creature on to the man's breast, and feebly showed his teeth. He was something after the breed of a water-spaniel, but his eyes were red, and seemed on fire, and I felt scared somehow on seeing him alive, and though I saw how weak he was, I had no heart to push past him lest he should fly at me.

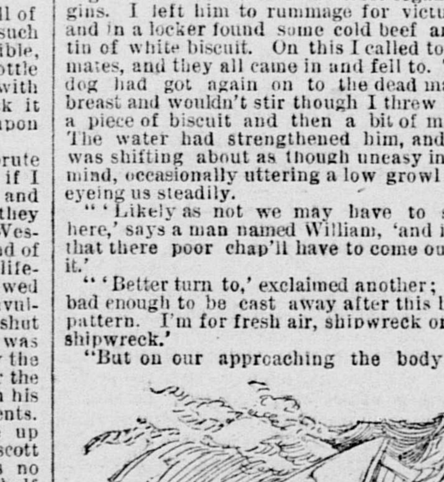
"I called through the door to one of my mates, 'Jackson! Jackson!' meaning that between us we should secure the dog, but I had no sooner uttered the word 'Jackson,' than the dog crept off the dead man's bosom, and weakly wagging his tail, comes to my feet, and falls a-licking my shoe.

"'Why, Jackson, poor chap,' says I, patting him, on which he utters a sort of howl and looks up at me with his two fiery red eyes with such an expression in his face that you'd have sworn he felt as if it would have done him good to cry. There was an empty pannikin alongside one of the dead man's hands. I fetched some water and gave it to the dog, who drank it to the last drain, and on my saying 'Poor Jackson,' and patting him again, he howled as before, as though there was something in the name to break his heart. You may hear some dogs howl as he did when a street organ begins. I left him to rummage for victuals, and in a locker found some cold beef and a tin of white biscuit. On this I called to my mates, and they all came in and fell to. The dog had got again on to the dead man's breast and wouldn't stir though I threw him a piece of biscuit and then a bit of meat. The water had strengthened him, and he was shifting about as though uneasy in his mind, occasionally uttering a low growl and eyeing us steadily.

"'Likely as not we may have to stay here,' says a man named William, 'and if so that there poor chap'll have to come out of it.'

"'Better turn to,' exclaimed another; 'it's bad enough to be cast away after this here pattern. I'm for fresh air, shipwreck or no shipwreck.'

"But on our approaching the body the



dog snarled and showed his teeth and cut such capers on the corpse's chest that we all thought he was gone mad and stood looking at him. At last I says, 'Poor Jackson! Come along, old Jackson! Poor old Jackson!' patting my leg, on which he drew up to me, and whilst I patted him and called him Jackson, he meanwhile licking my shoes or looking up at me with his tongue out as if his heart was ready to burst, the others sneaked the body off.

"I thought to see Jackson bolt out of the cabin when he found the body gone, instead of which, after a look around, he uttered a long howl, then came to my feet again and ate the biscuit and the piece of meat out of my hand.

"We were nearly a week aboard that vessel before we were taken off. Luckily, there was plenty to eat and drink in her, but she was draining in water and needed constant pumping, and we feared for our lives should heavy weather set in. That model you see there at the foot of the obelisk is a true copy of her. I believe she had been struck by lightning. One of us, a man named Parsons, said that he guessed by the look of the corpses that they had been smote blind and had died of their blindness. But a derelict is nearly always a mystery when there's nobody left alive to tell the story. As much a mystery was it, too, why that there dog should have answered to the name of Jackson. Maybe his master was so called. Be this as it will, you had only to call him Jackson to bring him to your feet and convert him into the lovingest beast that ever wagged a tail.

"During the week we were aboard the wreck that dog never lost sight of me. He followed at my heels like my own shadow, lay down with me, watched me as if he was human with a powerful intelligence working out imaginations in him. He was the first to sight the ship that took us off. I was lying asleep on the cuddy deck, and he awoke me by licking my face. I was vexed to be disturbed, and told him to get away, and turned over for another nap. On this he licks my face again and barked.

"'Blast that dawg!' says William, and he sits up to chuck a boot at the poor beast.

"'Hold your hand,' says I. 'Now, Jackson, what is it?' says I.

"He barked again, and walked to the deck-house door, looking behind him, and on my following the first thing I saw was a large brig within half a mile of us.

"Well, to cut this, we were taken off, and I took good care to carry Jackson along with me, for by this time the love between us was something beautiful. Throughout the passage home he lay in the clews of my hammock at night, and by day followed me about the deck; and laugh as you may, sir, I tell you I've seen tears of joy gush into his red eyes when I've allowed him to jump upon my knees and lie there and lick my hand. The master of the brig wanted to buy him from me, but I said no, not for ten times his weight in gold. 'I'll pawn the shirt off my back to repay you for your kindness, sir,' says I, 'but Jackson and me are friends that must not part if we can help it.'

"However, I couldn't take him to sea with me every voyage, and when I got home I gave him to my sister to take charge of. I went chiefly on coasting trips, and was absent for short spells only, and lodging as I did with my sister when I was ashore, never did mortal man from the most loving of wives or mothers, from the most affectione of fathers or brothers, receive such a welcome home as I did from Jackson. His joy was almost terrifying. It came to this, that when the neighbors heard I was to return they'd assemble in a body in the door to witness Jackson's delight. You would have thought he'd spring through the very roof. When his demonstrations were over he'd sit and grunt, with his eyes fixed upon me as though he were talking. He was the only dog I ever met that seemed to know his bark didn't convey all that was in his mind. I can assure you it used to affect me to see him trying to give expression to his thoughts by uttering sounds and maneuvering with his ears. I believe that a dead sailor's soul had passed into that there dog. Ha! But I do then! Never did the like of so much intelligence walk on four legs before.

"There came a time when I shipped as second mate and carpenter aboard a coalman bound to a French port. This gave me a chance to carry Jackson along with me, the skipper not objecting. I had now had the dog about three and half years—perhaps four. He was still an active, beautiful dog with a lovely brown coat of hair, fine as silk, and eyes as expressive as a pretty girl's. It came on to blow after we had left port a few hours, and the weather turned thick as mud in a wine-glass. We got the vessel under easy sail; the wind was a little abaft the beam, and we were plowing through it reckoning on forty fathoms of water under our keel, when shortly after six bells of the first watch the vessel took the ground off the Norfolk coast; the masts went over the side and she was wrecked in a breath, beating hard with the seas bursting over her.

"There was a bit of a deck-house aft, and most of the men took shelter in it. I was making my way to that structure to join them when the deck blew up amidships, and to save myself from being washed overboard I crawled into the little caboose, and when I was there, feeling horribly lonesome, I thought of Jackson, and putting my head out through the door and whistled on the little silver whistle I used to carry expressly to call him with. Whether he was aft with the men and they let him out, suspecting by his capers on hearing my whistle that he was going mad, whether he had been sheltering himself waiting for me to call him, I never could tell. The hull lay with a strong list, and the air was white with flying spray. All amidships the hold was yawning; yet five minutes after I had sounded that whistle I heard a scratching at the galley door, and, on sliding it a bit open, in bounded Jackson.

"He had scarcely entered when a lump of a green sea struck the caboose. What followed is like recollecting the waking up out of a swoon. I remember finding myself in the water and of scraping at something with my finger ends. It was the top of the caboose, as you see it there: but I didn't know what it was till the day broke. In groping I put my arm through a hole and held by it. Just then I heard a yelp close beside me. I put my other arm into the smother where something showed black and caught hold of the dog—for the dog it was—and hoisted him on to my back with his forepaws on my shoulders. The water was horribly broken and the tumbling of the caboose roof sickening; yet I held on with my arm through the chimney-hole and the dog clung to my shoulders, encouraging me as it were by sometimes licking my face; and whenever a bigger sea than usual ran at us, the poor beast would bark as though he thought to frighten it away from hurting me.

"We floated away from the broken tumble of the shoal into a run of the sea that was something regular, but the water was constantly washing over us. I cannot express what comfort I found in having that poor beast on my shoulders close to me, barking, and then giving a little growl as though to hearten me, and then licking my face. At last he fell silent. The gray of the dawn was stealing into the sky. I said, 'Jackson, how is it with you, poor beast?' He didn't answer. I spoke again, and finding him still silent I pulled him down and found he was dead. I was too weak, too near my own death to cry; yet I felt to be weeping in my heart when I pulled him down and found he was dead. My exhaustion was too great to suffer me to hold him long, and I had to let him go. His body floated off and I lost sight of it.

"Shortly after sunrise a smack hove into view. The mate of her, seeing a black object, put a glass to his eye and instantly spied me waving my arm, whereupon he headed for me, launched a boat and took me aboard. I was the only man saved; the vessel had gone to pieces in the darkness and drowned all the others. That's the little yarn, sir," exclaimed Bob Ridley, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and rising. "Poor old Jackson!" and with a deep sigh and an air of abstraction, he led the way out of his summer arbor.

[THE END.]

Copyright, 1890, by the Authors' Alliance.

FAST MATCH-MAKING.

A Machine That Cuts Out Ten Millions of Them Every Day.

The operation of making matches from a pine log may be divided into four heads, namely:

Preparing the splints, dipping the matches, making and filling. When the timber is brought into the cutting-room of the factory it is seized upon by a gang of men, who place it before a circular saw, where it is cut into blocks fifteen inches long, which is the length of seven matches. It is then freed of its bark and taken to the turning lathe, where, by means of a special form of fixed cutting band running its entire length, a continuous tool, the thickness of the match is cut off.

As the block revolves and decreases in diameter the knife advances and a band of veneer of uniform thickness is obtained. As the veneer rolls off the knife it is met by eight small knives, which cut it into seven separate bands, each the size of a match. By this one operation seven long ribbons of wood, each the length and thickness of a match, are obtained. These are then broken into pieces six feet long, the knotty parts removed, and they are then fed into a machine which looks and acts like a straw-chopper, which cuts them into single matches. The machine eats 150 bands at the same time, and a mechanical device pushes them forward the thickness of a match at each stroke of the cutter. This little machine, with its one sharp knife, can cut over 10,000,000 matches a day.

From the cutting-room the splints are taken to the dry-room, where they are placed in revolving drums, which absorb all the moisture the splints may contain. They are then prepared for the dipping process, which is a very important operation, as each splint must have sufficient space to be fully coated, and yet not placed so close to the others as to cause the mixture to clot the heads of the other splints. To do this they are placed under an ingeniously constructed machine, which seems to work with human intelligence, and are caught up and placed closely, but at regular intervals, in a dipping frame. These frames contain forty-four movable laths, and between each lath the machine places, with clockwork regularity, fifty splints, making over 2000 in each frame.

The heads of the splints are all on the same level, and a single attendant at each machine can place over 1,000,000 splints in the frame per day. The dipping vat is a stove of masonry which contains three square pens. The first pan is for heating the splints, so they will absorb the mixture; the second contains molten paraffine, in which the points are dipped, and in the third they are coated with igniting composition. Over 8,000,000 matches can be dipped by a skillful workman in one day. After the dipping process the matches are dried while still in the frames, and are then taken to the packing-room, where they are put into the boxes by hand.—Wood-worker.

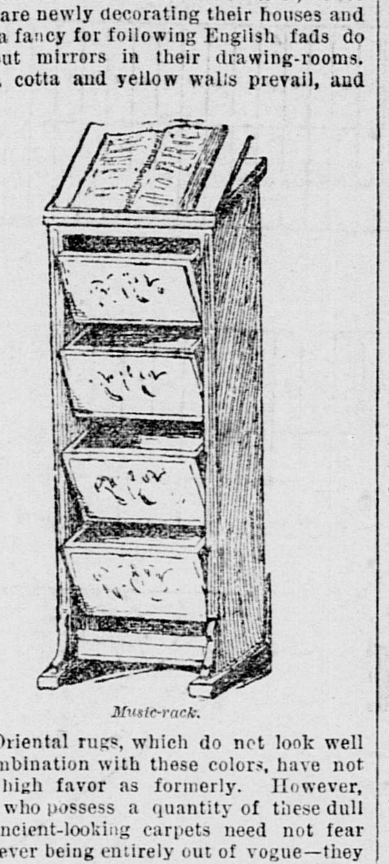
NOVELTIES IN BRIC-A-BRAC.

The Decorative Devices of Artistic Cabinet-Making.

Mirrors Going Out of Favor—Yellow the Prevailing Tint for Walls and Hangings. Odd Furniture for the Boudoir.

ARE there any women in the world who do not enjoy a visit to the cabinet-maker's and to the glass and china shops, where they can make full inspection of all that is new and pleasing for home adornment and use? If there are such women they are very few, for even men appreciate the charms of a house which is tastefully decorated, and they absorb the comforts and beauties, if often silently and without due appreciation. House-furnishing is one of the important occupations of the present season, and whether the outlay is small or great there is much to choose from in every department that the furnisher throws open for inspection.

There have been some changes in styles lately. Mirrors have almost disappeared, says the New York Press. That is, those who are newly decorating their houses and have a fancy for following English fads do without mirrors in their drawing-rooms. Terra cotta and yellow walls prevail, and



Music-rack.

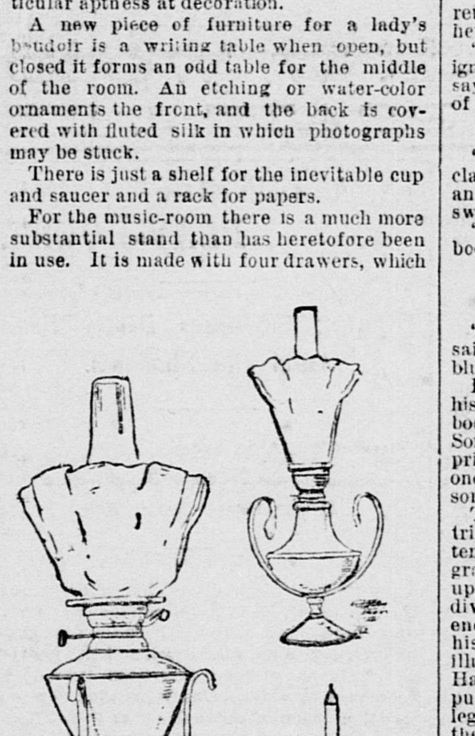
the Oriental rugs, which do not look well in combination with these colors, have not such high favor as formerly. However, those who possess a quantity of these dull and ancient-looking carpets need not fear their ever being entirely out of vogue—they minister too warmly to the artistic sense of fine coloring. Some walls are paneled, and in some instances silk cord is substituted for molding, but yellow is certainly the prevailing tint for the wall and hangings.

There was a time, not long ago, when fancifully painted doors were considered supremely ornamental. But these with the mirrors are disappearing. To be sure the artistic in house-furnishing is often carried to an extreme, as Howell's pictures with laughable realism in "A Hazard of New Fortunes," but the artistic must be considered in every detail. The one thing to guard against is the having too many details. There is an aversion to the China silk and tassel ornamentation of picture frames and mantel pieces, and the piling into the parlor of endless tea tables and cheap bric-a-brac must now be avoided, but the artistic is still demanded, and a lady who has means and knows that she is lacking in the knowledge of the fitness of things will consult not only the taste of her furnisher, but that of an artist who is known to have particular aptness at decoration.

A new piece of furniture for a lady's boudoir is a writing table when open, but closed it forms an odd table for the middle of the room. An etching or water-color ornaments the front, and the back is covered with fluted silk in which photographs may be stuck.

There is just a shelf for the inevitable cup and saucer and a rack for papers.

For the music-room there is a much more substantial stand than has heretofore been in use. It is made with four drawers, which



Brass Lamps.

are placed on the slope so that the contents may be easily seen. It is made of mahogany or rosewood, and an inclined shelf at the top serves as a music rest. Sofa cushions are used in profusion. They are always stuffed with down and are rather large. The covering is usually of embroidered satin or Turkey twill worked in scattered designs.

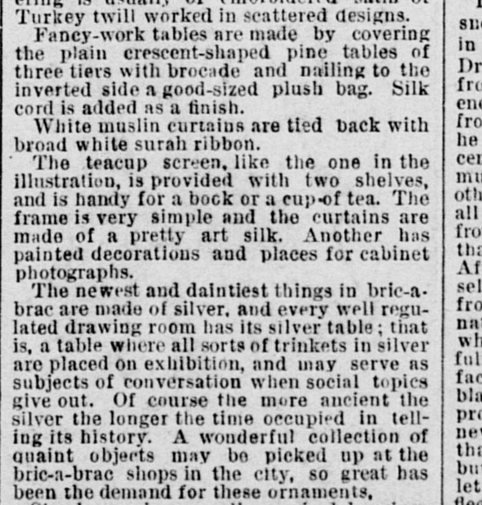
Fancy-work tables are made by covering the plain crescent-shaped pine tables of three tiers with brocade and nailing to the inverted side a good-sized plush bag. Silk cord is added as a finish.

White muslin curtains are tied back with broad white surah ribbon.

The teacup screen, like the one in the illustration, is provided with two shelves, and is handy for a book or a cup of tea. The frame is very simple and the curtains are made of a pretty art silk. Another has painted decorations and places for cabinet photographs.

The newest and daintiest things in bric-a-brac are made of silver, and every well regulated drawing room has its silver table; that is, a table where all sorts of trinkets in silver are placed on exhibition, and may serve as subjects of conversation when social topics give out. Of course the more ancient the silver the longer the time occupied in telling its history. A wonderful collection of quaint objects may be picked up at the bric-a-brac shops in the city, so great has been the demand for these ornaments.

Six lamps in an ordinary sized drawing-room is not an unusual number. Fashion has much to do with the adoption of lamps in place of gas, but now that it is the proper thing to use them ladies have found that they produce a far more becoming light than gas. Candle light is still better, and



A Screen.

the latter mode of illumination has become so prevalent, especially for the dinner table, that shades are very important considerations in house furnishings. Many of these are so daintily made and are of such costly texture that they necessitate no small outlay. Poppy blossoms are among the newest floral designs. The rosy tint is one of the recommendations of this style, but when the shades are to serve for the dinner-table they match in color the flowers and menus.

There is more attention paid to servants' quarters than formerly. When the house is of sufficient size to warrant such an outlay in space and money a bath-room is provided. For kitchen decoration a new thing is to have a dado six feet high of linoleum. The rest of the wall is distempered in a suitable shade.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A New Anecdote of Him and the Legal Tender Act.

The fight of legal tender had been won, and won on the ground stated by Thaddeus Stevens in the opening sentence of his speech: "This bill is a measure of necessity, not of choice." The act had been passed and approved. We could issue $150,000,000 in currency at once, $50,000,000 would pay the demand notes, leaving $100,000,000 to pay our soldiers and carry on the war for some months to come.

We had also gained our first military success. Grant had captured Forts Henry and Donelson and was pushing for Nashville. The clouds seemed to be breaking away and the future to look more hopeful.

I was therefore surprised when one afternoon late in February, 1862, President Lincoln entered the Register's room with as sad a look as I ever saw on his careworn face, writes L. E. Chittenden in an article on "New Moneys of Lincoln's Administration," in Harper's Magazine for October. He dropped wearily into a seat he had previously chosen, and after a short silence exclaimed:

"What have you to say about this legal-tender act? Here is a committee of great financiers from the great cities who say that, by approving this act, I have wrecked the country. They know all about it—or they are mistaken."

"You have done nothing of the kind," I said. "The time for argument has passed. Legal tender is inevitable. The gentlemen you mention have made it a necessity. The people would take our notes without the legal-tender clause. The banks and the copperheads will not. We cannot risk the country in their hands. You have followed your own good judgment in signing the act. The people will sustain you and Secretary Chase and Congress."

"I do not see that I am exclusively responsible," he continued. "I say to these gentlemen, 'Go to Secretary Chase; he is managing the finances.' They persist, and have argued me almost blind. I am worse off than Saint Paul. He was in a straight betwixt two. I am in a straight betwixt twenty, and they are bankers and financiers."

"You are right in signing the act," I said; "that point has passed debate."

"Now that is just where my mind is troubled," he continued. "We owe a lot of money which we cannot pay; we have got to run in debt still deeper. Our creditors think we are honest and will pay in the future. They will take our notes, but they want small notes which they can use among themselves. So far I see no objection, but I do not like to say to a creditor you shall accept in payment of your debt something that was not money when it was contracted. That doesn't seem honest, and I do not believe the Constitution sanctions dishonesty."

"No more do I," I replied. "I do not claim that legal tender can be upheld as an abstract right under the Constitution. But self-preservation is a right higher than the Constitution. We are warranted in making any sacrifice of property or political right to save the Union. Gold and silver are beyond our reach; our soldiers must be paid and fed and clothed. We can issue Treasury notes and circulate them as currency. It is right and honest that we should give them the quality of legal tender, provided we return to specie as soon as the necessity has passed. I have watched the debates in Congress. I have read the opinion of your Attorney-General. There are those who hint and suggest that legal tender is provided for in the Constitution. I have read no speech in which that right is broadly asserted. I believe it safer to defend our position on the ground of necessity."

"I understand that is Chase's ground, though he does not put it so strongly. We shall see. We will wait to hear from the country districts—from the people."

He again relapsed into silence, which I did not interrupt. Then he said, "When the old monks had tired themselves out in fighting the devil, did they not have places to which they retired for rest, which were called retreats?"

"They did," I answered; "though I understand they were for spiritual rather than bodily recuperation."

"I think of making this office one of my retreats," he said. "It is so quiet and restful here. Do you never get discouraged?"

"I shall be delighted to have you," I said, ignoring his question. "I only wish I could say of it, as Father Prout sang of the Groves of Blarney,

There's gravel walks there for speculation,
And conversation in sweet solitude.

"Tell me more of that ballad," he exclaimed cheerily. "I like its jingle. What an Irish conceit that is—'conversation in sweet solitude.'"

"I fear I cannot. I must send you the book. I only remember,

There's statues gracing this noble place in,
All heathen goddesses so fair,
Bold Neptune, Plutarch and Nicodaymus,
A-standing naked in the open air.

"I must have that book to-night," he said. "A good Irish bull is medicine for the blues."

He left the office actually to the sound of his own musical laugh. He sent for the book—a copy of Crofton Crocker's "Popular Songs of Ireland." It is before me now; priceless almost, when I remember that it once gave Abraham Lincoln some pleasure, some respite from his cares.

This story may possibly be regarded as trivial, but it tends to show with what intense earnestness the President bore his grave responsibilities, and that he seized upon an amusing story or volume because it diverted him for the moment and strengthened rather than weakened his capacity for his graver duties. I think it tends also to illustrate the simple honesty of his mind. Had Mr. Lincoln been preserved to the republic I do not believe that the question of legal tender would have been carried into the Supreme Court of the United States. The weight of his influence, never so powerful as on the day of his death, would have been thrown in favor of commencing the retirement of the legal-tender notes at the close of the war, and the return to a specie basis at the earliest date consistent with prudence and discretion.

TO PREVENT SUNBURN.

Blacken Your Face and It Will Not Even Smart Under the Sun's Rays.

The fair sex often seek eagerly for a preventative against sunburn. Some researches made by Dr. Robert Bowles have resulted in the discovery of an infallible one, but one which, I am afraid, the woman with even the most beautiful complexion will find too exacting in its conditions.

It is an acknowledged fact that sun on snow burns more quickly than on rocks or in heated valleys at a low elevation; and Dr. Bowles remarks that sunlight reflected from freshly fallen snow acts much more energetically on the skin than that reflected from older snow. One brilliant day he painted his face brown, and ascended the Gorner Grat, where there was much snow. There were about eighty others making the ascent. In the evening all excepting Dr. Bowles were smarting from the effects of sunburn. He points out that in Morocco and all along the north of Africa the inhabitants blacken themselves around the eyes to avert ophthalmia from the glare of the hot sand. In Fiji the natives abandon their red and white stripes when they go fishing on the reef in the full glare of the sun, and blacken their faces. In the Sitkim hills, also, the natives blacken themselves around the eyes as a protection from the glare of the sun on newly fallen snow. Dr. Bowles concludes that heat is not the direct cause of sunburn, but that it is probably caused by the violet or ultra-violet rays of light which are reflected from the snow.—From Table.

Better Than a String.

"I want something," said a farmer as he entered a Michigan-avenue drug-store the other day.

"Well, what is it?"

"I didn't tie a string around my finger, but I guess I can get around to it all the same. What's the name of the lake below us?"

"Lake Erie."

"Exactly. What's the name of the bay which the boats run to?"

"Put-in-Bay."

"Correct. No, then, who put in there?"

"Perry."

"Straight as a string. I want 10 cents' worth of parygoric. My old woman said I'd be sure to forget it. But here's the proof that I didn't."—Milwaukee Journal.

Cattish, After the Comparison of Notes.

Miss Tablette—The wretch! and so he has been proposing to both of us?

Miss Brenton—It seems so.

Miss Tablette—I wish we could think of some horrible way to punish him.

Miss Brenton—I have it.

Miss Tablette—What is it?

Miss Brenton—You marry him, dear.—Judge.

One of the most remarkable old ladies in Maine is living on the island of Monhegan. Although 75 years old, she not only knows nothing of the cars, telephone, electric lights, etc., but has never seen a horse. She has always lived on the island, several miles from the mainland, and her world has been Monhegan. Sheep and cows are kept on the island, but there is no call for horses.

SMOKING A LIFE AWAY.

J. Oliver Swett's Theory Proved by Charles Lederer, Artist.

Showing That the User of the Weed Loses a Year of His Existence for Every Twelvemonth That He Smokes.

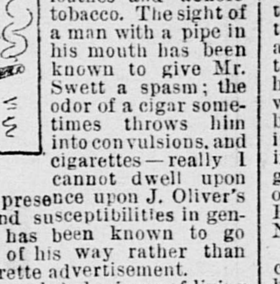
MY FRIEND, J. Oliver Swett, is not a regularly ordained minister of the gospel, yet he is a most strenuous objector to all forms of frivolity. He doesn't have to work for a living like common folks, for his father very accommodatingly died a few years ago, leaving his good son a large barrel of money. The old man, lately deceased, was a sutler in the good old days when patriotism cut such a wide swath in this country. The elder Mr. Swett was an accumulator—the son of a moralist on a wholesale scale.

My friend, J. Oliver Swett, has an alphabetical list of the thousand and three things to which he poses as an objector—and he adds to his stock daily. Among the things to which he objects are dancing, theater-going, all drinking (except cold or lukewarm water), flirts, cable-cars, babies, fast trains, fast men, ditto woman, ditto days, newspapers in general, electricity in every form except chain and sheet lightning, artificial flowers, ditto heat, ditto ice. There are but few things here below to which he has not some well-grounded objection. Of all things he most detests, abominates, loathes and abhors tobacco. The sight of a man with a pipe in his mouth has been known to give Mr. Swett a spasm; the odor of a cigar sometimes throws him into convulsions, and cigarettes—really I cannot dwell upon the effect of their presence upon J. Oliver's delicate nerves and susceptibilities in general. Mr. Swett has been known to go three blocks out of his way rather than merely pass a cigarette advertisement.

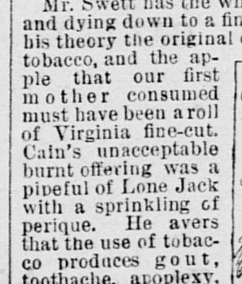
At 20 Years.

At 23 Years.

Mr. Swett has the whole business of living and dying down to a fine point. According to his theory the original cause of all evil was tobacco, and the apple that our first mother consumed must have been a roll of Virginia fine-cut. Cain's unacceptable burnt offering was a pipeful of Lone Jack with a sprinkling of perique. He avers that the use of tobacco produces gout, toothache, apoplexy, consumption, hydrophobia, typhus, croup, pimples, spavin and pip. He proves that a dog whose veins are injected with a decoction of nicotine cannot live under water an hour, and that prussic acid, full strength, will, like care, kill a cat. Every man, I am led to believe, by Swett's argument, who ever smoked a cigar, took a chew of tobacco or a pinch of snuff, immediately dropped dead, or, if he did not, so should have done. His great argument is his own assertion that every year a person uses the weed is just a year taken off his life.

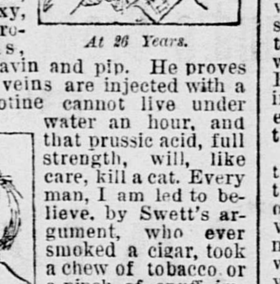


At 26 Years.

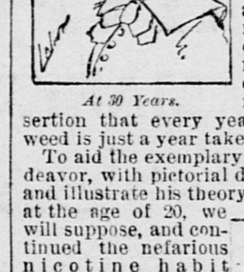


At 30 Years.

To aid the exemplary Mr. Swett I will endeavor, with pictorial diagrams, to explain and illustrate his theory. X began smoking at the age of 20, we will suppose, and continued the nefarious nicotine habit throughout his life. At 23, then, he had lost three years. That leaves him but 17 years old. At 26 years he has lost three more, leaving him only fourteen years. At thirty, having lost four years more, he finds himself a kid of ten summers. When he should have arrived at the ripe age of 35 he finds to his dismay that he is but 5 years old, and that people call him bub and sonny when he should be receiving mail with Esq. at the end of his name.



At 35 Years.



At 40 Years.

Another four years of the tobacco habit and, alas! he is but a puling babe—the horrid retrogression is appalling. I cannot proceed or recede farther. I have proved Mr. Swett's theory and come to a halt.—Charles Lederer in Chicago Herald.

HE NEVER PLAYS CARDS.

Professor Loewy of Vienna Gives an Exhibition of His Skill.

It was "whist night" at the D. K. E. Club. The first deal had just been made when a member brought in Professor Moriz Loewy of Vienna, now living in Hoboken. When it became known that the famous card manipulator was present one of the best players in the room failed to observe a "signal" and led from a short suit. Every member of the club, says an exchange, soon mustered in the parlor and the professor performed some of his startling tricks. There were present Burchard, Bates, Mathewson, Allen, Simpson, Williams, Stead and many others. Several new packs of cards were purchased. The first incident was the changing of a card in a spectator's hand. A member of the club was asked to shuffle a new deck, to select a card, to hold it up, so that all persons except the professor could see it. This was done. The victim was then told to turn the card face downward and then show it again. The ace of hearts had become the jack of spades. Then the professor forced the same card on five different persons consecutively; next he showed how cards were changed in his own hands; then a member of the club was found to have secreted the jack of hearts in his vest pocket, though he had not been near the table. A great poker trick was then done. Five cards were then drawn by a club member at hazard, apparently from the deck and placed face downward on the table. The rest of the deck was then handed to another member with the injunction to pick out as good a poker hand as he liked. He modestly selected a straight flush, but when the five cards previously drawn were turned over they proved to be the royal flush of hearts. Many other tricks equally as curious were shown. The professor wore medals and decorations from half the crowned heads of Europe. He knows 800 tricks and never plays a game for money.

Great Sheffield's Fall.

The best razors no longer come from Sheffield, and even Englishmen are alive to the fact. The best customers for razors are of English and Scotch descent, as very few Germans or Irishmen act as their own barbers. Formerly, nothing without a genuine or fraudulent Sheffield trade-mark cut into the blade would be looked at by an ex-subject of Queen Victoria, but now American goods are generally preferred, and some Eastern makes are very popular. The greatest run the last two years has been on a razor with a distinctly military name, says a dealer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and, although I have sold a great many of the kind, I don't know where they are made. But the fact is immaterial, for no purchaser ever finds fault with anything connected with one in any respect, save price, and even that is not seriously objected to.

GLOVES

That Were Worn in the Days of Charlemagne and De Medicis.

There is nothing new under the sun. The carving of a long glove has been found in a hole where cave-dwellers once lived. Just when these strange people existed has not been decided, but it was thousands and thousands of years ago, and the sculptured glove is of the same shape as the many button ones worn by fashionable ladies of the present. The gloves of the anti-glacial occupants of a cave are supposed to have been made of roughly dressed, skin-sewn with needles of bone. But they were worn just the same, and the general pattern remains unchanged. There is plenty of other evidence that gloves are of very remote origin, although none that goes back so far. The Anglo-Saxons, according to a writer for the New York Commercial Advertiser, wore gloves in the seventh century, but the men were the ones then to observe the custom, the ladies covering their hands with their sleeves. Earlier than this Norman officials and high personages of that country covered their hands, and in many places in the Bible the word "shoe" is used when scholars maintain it means "glove."

The glove trade is under great obligations to the church. In the year 700 Charlemagne granted to the abbot and monks of Sithin an unlimited right of hunting for making their gloves and girdles of the skins of the deer they killed, and also for covers for their books. But gloves had a nearer connection with the church than the industry of the monastery. They had distinctive employment in the rites and services. They were worn by the priests officiating. The laity were expected to take off their gloves in church, while ecclesiastics alone might wear them, a reversal of our modern fashions. The symbolism of the church did not forget the glove as gifted with hidden significance. Bruno, Bishop of Segni, says that "they are made of linen to denote that the hands they cover should be chaste, clean and free from all impurity." The gloves on the hands of Boniface VIII at the time of his interment were of white silk, beautifully wrought with pearls. Gloves are still used by Roman Catholic Bishops and advertised in the lists of clerical necessaries. According to St. Charles Borromeo, a Bishop's gloves should have a golden circle on the outside, and this is seen on the gloves of Bishop William of Wykeham, preserved in New College, Oxford.

Gloves were, in 1416, often set with precious stones, and sufficiently valuable to be left as legacies. The jeweled gloves of St. Martial were said to have rebuked an act of sacrilege. The gloves of Bishop Gravesend, worked with gold and enamel, were priced at £5, a great sum in 1310. But the sturdier Bishop Button wore thick yellow leather gloves, at 10d a pair. However, that love of luxury and of vestments which then, as now, threatened to sap a certain division of the church, led to the passage of sumptuary restrictions. The clergy "might not wear gloves," red or green or striped; "neither ring, brooch, ornamental girdle, nor gloves." Monks were not to wear gloves of deerskin, but were to content themselves with gloves of sheepskin. But gloves were still made of costly material for Bishops and the higher clergy, who were then adorned with jewels, in spite of sumptuary laws. Bishop Riculfus, who died in 912, left as an important legacy a pair of gloves, and the earliest silk gloves on record were found on the hands of Thomas a Becket.

Gloves have ever been an accessory to the dress of royalty. They have a place in the regalia, and we read of purple gloves, ornamented with pearls and precious stones, which were deemed ensigns of imperial dignities. They were so intimately connected with kingly power that monarchs were invested with authority by the delivery of a glove. The knight's glove or gauntlet has more that is romantic and symbolical attached than all others. The word comes from the early French word "gant," meaning the hand. As a distinctive article of defensive dress, the gauntlet did not come into use until the thirteenth century. In the time of Edward I a leather glove, covered with mail, was introduced, and during the reign of Edward III spikes of steel were fixed to the knuckles. The gauntlet of Edward the Black Prince was a formidable affair, with its steel goads on the back of the hand, the very appearance being calculated to inspire terror. The buff gloves of Cromwell's troopers were protected at the wrist by a metal scale work, well arranged to break a sword blow. Perfumed gloves were brought from Italy by Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, after his exile, and his present to Queen Elizabeth of a pair with embroidered roses is mentioned in history. But the refinement of perfumed gloves had been known for three centuries in France before the days of the Virgin Queen, and in Spain the gloves were famous for the scent imparted to them long before her day. The luxurious court of Charles II used perfumed gloves, and those "trimmed and laced as fine as Nell's" were mentioned in a comedy. Louis XIV also issued letters patent of his marchands maitres gautiers perfeumeurs. In Venice, where the love of dress was conspicuous, perfumed gloves were introduced by a dogess as early as 1071.

Gloves of chicken skin were in vogue in the early part of the seventeenth century. These were used at night to give the hand whiteness and delicacy. Thin and delicate gloves were first made at Limerick. They were so thin that they could be put in a walnut shell. Gough says that dark gloves were worn by all women before the Reformation. But this is not absolutely correct, for Chaucer speaks in his translation of the "Romaunt of the Rose," of idleness:

And for to keep her hands fayre,
Of gloves white she had a pair.

The ladies of the court of Catherine de Medicis carried their gloves in their hands or tucked them under their girdles. Mary, Queen of Scots, wore gloves with richly embroidered wrists on the morning of her execution, giving them to a friend at the last moment. They were made of a light, cool, buff-colored leather, the elaborate embroidery on the gauntlet being worked with silver wire and silk of various colors. The roses are of pale and dark blue, and two shades of very pale crimson; the foliage represents trees, and is composed of two shades of esthetic green. A bird in flight, with a long tail, figures among the work. The embroidered gloves for women of the sixteenth century were very beautiful, made of the gauntlet shape and richly embroidered on the cuff. They were of cheveril leather; so it was said of a man, "he hath a cheveril conscience"—one that would stretch easily. Cheveril was made of parchment, by the use of alum and the white of eggs. Goatskin was the foundation.

Type-Writers' Eyes.

Almost every type-writer sooner or later has trouble with her eyes. The type-writing machine is supposed to save the eyes, but the effect is quite the contrary. The eyes are all the time in motion while writing, and the rapid jerking of the eye from one point to another on the little keyboard soon tires the muscles, and makes the eyes and sometimes the whole head ache.

Then a great many girls have the habit of turning up the carriage to see what has been written and leaning back in the chair while reading it. This, too, is bad, for the reason that it requires a rapid adjustment of the eye to the different distances, and so tires the whole organ. The only way to save the eyes when using a type-writing machine is to acquire such facility that it is not necessary to look at the keyboard, and the eyes will be saved the thousands of little jerks to and fro which do so much harm.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In an Episcopal church near Boston the other Sunday a lady in passing up the aisle caught her dress on a corner of a pew and tore it. As the process of tearing was very audible to the congregation, the feelings of the lady may be imagined, when at that moment the clergyman began the service by reading the sentence, "Rend your heart and not your garments."

Pears' Soap
has been established in London **100 YEARS** both as a **COMPLEXION** and as a **SHAVING SOAP**, has obtained **19** INTERNATIONAL AWARDS, and is now sold in every city of the world.
It is the purest, cleanest, finest,
The most economical, and therefore
The best and most popular of all soaps
for GENERAL TOILET PURPOSES; and for use in the NURSERY it is recommended by thousands of intelligent *mothers* throughout the civilized world, because while serving as a cleanser and detergent, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which *infants* are so liable.
PEARS' SOAP can now be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States, BUT BE SURE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE, *as there are worthless imitations.*